

THE SPARTAN.

Devoted to News, Agriculture, Southern Rights, Politics, Literature, Temperance, Morals, Miscellany, the Arts, &c.

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Poetry.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

Faith and Hope.

By P. BENJAMIN GAGE.

Down Time's dark and rushing river,
Moral after mortal goes,
Parting quickly and for ever,
From life's pleasures and its woes.
All must go from their enjoyments,
From their glory and their shame;
From their honors and employments,
To the dust from whence they came.
Man, what art thou? Canst thou tell me
Whence and why thy being came?
Knowest thou, and canst thou tell me,
When and where shall go the same?
All thou knowest is before thee!
From the cradle to the grave;
Thou canst reason—then comes o'er thee
Dark oblivion's gloomy wave.
In the Spring Time's merry breeze,
Pass thy earliest hours away,
While gay dreams thy fancy please—
Dreams that vanish in a day.
Summer comes—and wealth is gotten,
Honors too must form a crown,
Soon to rot and be forgotten—
Soon to wither and go down.
Winter reigns—and pale and bristling—
Lies thy form among the dead!
But the Spirit strong and deathless—
Tell me, whither has it fled?
Oh! the mystery of thy being
Thou canst never comprehend!
But the Mighty and All-Seeing
Knows its destined aim and end.
Trust Him who in mercy gave thee
Heritage so bright and fair,
And His boundless love shall save thee
From the portals of despair.
Faith and Hope be thine forever!
Thine to shield thy soul from fear,
Till the hand of death shall sever
All the claims that bind thee here!

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

The Author-Hero of the Revolution.

By GEORGE LIPPARD.

It was in the time when a band of Rebels sat in Carpenter's Hall, when the smoke of Lexington and Bunker Hill was yet in the sky, and the undried blood of Warren and all the martyrs was yet upon the ground, it was in this time, in the blood-red dawn of our Revolution, that a stenc of some interest took place in the city of William Penn.

Look yonder, and behold that solitary lamp, flinging its dim light through the shadows of a neatly furnished room.

Grouped around the table, the glow of the lamp pouring full in their faces, are four persons—a Boston Lawyer, a Philadelphia Printer, a Philadelphia Doctor and a Virginia Planter.

Come with me to that lonely room. Let us seat ourselves there. Let us look into the faces of these men—that man with the bold brow and resolute look is one John Adams, from Boston; next to him sits the calm-faced Benjamin Rush; then you see the marked face of the Printer, one Benjamin Franklin, and last of all your eye rests upon a man distinguished above all others by his height, the noble outlines of his form, the solemn dignity of his brow. That man is named Washington—one Mr. George Washington, from Mount Vernon.

And these men are all members of the Rebel Congress. They have met here to talk over the affairs of their country. Their conversation is deep-toned—cautious—hurried. Every man seems afraid to give free utterance to the thoughts of his bosom.

Confession—the gibbet—the axe! These have been the reward of brave men before now, who dared speak treason against his Majesty by the grace of God. Therefore, is the conversation of the four patriots burdened with restraint and gloom.

They talk of Bunker Hill, of Lexington, of the blood-thirsty British Ministry, of the weak and merciful British King.

Then, from the lips of Franklin, comes the great question: Where is this war to end? Are we fighting only for a change in the British Ministry? Or—for the Independence of our native land?

There is silence in that room. Washington, Adams, Rush, all look into each other's faces, and are silent.

Round to England by ties of ancestry—language—religion—the very idea of separation from her seems a blasphemy.

Yes, with their towns burnt, their people murdered—Bunker Hill smoking there, Lexington bleeding yonder—still, still these colonists cling to the name of England, still shudder at the big word that chokes their utterance, to speak—INDEPENDENCE.

At this moment, while all is still, a visitor is announced. A man somewhat short in stature, clad in a coat of faded brown. He takes his seat at the table, is introduced to these gentlemen by Franklin, and then informed of the topic under discussion. Look upon his brow, his flashing eye, as in earnest words he pours forth his soul.

Washington, Adams, Rush, Franklin, all are hushed into silence. At first, the man in the brown coat startles—horrifies them with his political blasphemy.

But as he goes on, as his broad, solid brow warms with fire, as his eye flashes the full light of a soul roused into all its life, as those deep, ear-

—her glorious future—her people; that shall swell into countless millions—her Navy; that shall whiten the uttermost sea—her Destiny, that shall stride on over the wrecks of thrones, to the Universal Empire of the Western Continent!

Then behold—
They rise round that table; they press that man in the brown coat by the hand—nay, Virginia-Planter, Washington, grasps both his hands, and in a voice deepened by emotion, begs him for the sake of God, to write these words in a book!

A book that shall be read in all the homes, and thundered from all the pulpits in America.

Do you see the picture, my friends?

That man in the brown coat, standing there, flushed, trembling, with the excitement of his own thoughts—that splendidly formed Virginia planter on one side grasping him by the hand, those great-souled men encircling him on the other, John Adams, Benjamin Rush, Benjamin Franklin. Their gleaming eyes shine with one will and read on the great cloud of the Future this one word—INDEPENDENCE!

Let this scene pass: let us follow this man in the brown coat through the year 1775.

The day after this scene that modest Virginia planter, George Washington, was named Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Armies.

And in the summer days of '75 that man in the brown coat was seen walking up and down in front of the Old State House, his great forehead shown in full sunlight, while, with his hands placed behind his back, he went slowly along the pavement. Then he would hurry to his lonely garret, seize the quill, and write down the deep thoughts of his brain.

Then forth again for a walk in the State House Square—up and down under these old trees, he wanders all the afternoon—at night, there is a light burning in yonder garret window—what see you there?

A rude and neglected room—a man short in stature sitting beside an old table, with scattered sheets of paper all about him—the light of an unshining candle upon his brow—that unflinching quill in his hand!

Ah, my friend, you may talk to me of the sublimity of your battles, whose poetry is bones and skulls, whose glories are like the trophies of the butcher's shambles—but for me, there is no battle so awfully sublime as one like this, now being fought before your eyes.

A poor, neglected author sitting in his garret—the world, poverty, time, space, all forgotten—as with his soul kindled into one steady blaze, he plies that fast-moving quill. That quill writes down words on that which shall burn into the brains of kings, words like arrows, winged with fire and pointed with vitriol.

Go on, brave Author, sitting in your garret, alone at this dead hour—go on, though the silent watches of the night, and the fallings fall like breezes of June, upon your damp brow. Go on, in the name of God and man, for you are writing the thoughts of a nation.

the brown coat. The proud...
him with scorn. Yet he was thinking great thoughts, which would eat away the throne of that Tory king! The Tory, the vulgar rich man, the small dog in office, passed him by with scorn, but men of genius took him by the arm, and called him brother. Yonder! There in a lonely garret, night after night, burns that solitary lamp, burns and burns on, till break of day.

At last the work is done. At last, grasping the loose sheets in his trembling hands—trembling because feverish from the toil of the brain—he rushes forth one morning. His book is written; it now must be printed—scattered to the homes of America. But look ye, not one printer will touch the book, not a publisher but grows pale at the sight of those dingy pages. Because it ridicules the British Pope; ridicules the British Monarchy; because it speaks out, in plain words, that nothing now remains to be done but to declare the New World free and independent.

This shocks the trembling printers—touch such a mess of treasonable stuff—never! But at last a printer is found, a bold Scotchman, named Robert Bell. Write that name on your hearts, for it is worthy of all reverence! He transformed those loose pages into type, and on the 1st of January, 1776, Common Sense burst on the people of the New World like a prophecy!

Yes, that book bursts on the hearts and homes of America like a light from Heaven.

It is read by the Mechanic at his bench; the Merchant at his desk; the Preacher in his pulpit reads it to his people, and scatters its great truths with the teachings of revelation.

"It burst from the press," says the great Doctor Rush, "with an effect which has been rarely produced by types or paper, in any age or country!"

Ramsay, in his History of the Revolution, and his brother historian, Gordon, solemnly state the fact that this book was a most important cause of the separation from the Mother Country.

Thomas Jefferson, Joel Barlow, George Washington, unite in their praises of this work. Long after its publication Jefferson sent a Government ship to bring the author home from France; Washington invited him to the shelter of his own home; Barlow described him, yes, the man in the brown coat, "One of the most benevolent and disinterested of mankind, endowed with the clearest perception, an uncommon share of original genius, and the greatest breadth of thought."

In August, 1785, after the battle was fought and the Empire established, Congress, in a solemn resolution, stamped the author of Common Sense with their approbation, as one of the greatest of the great men of the Revolution.

This book was the cause and fore-runner of the Declaration of Independence.

In this book, for the first time, were written these great words: "The free and Independent States of America."

Let us follow this man in the brown coat through the scenes of the Revolution.

In the full prime of early manhood, he joins the army of the Revolution; he shares the crust and the cold with Washington and his men—he is with those soldiers on the toilsome march, with them by the camp fire, with them in the hour of battle.

Why is he with them?
Is the day dark—has the battle been bloody—do the American soldiers despair? Hark! that printing press yonder, which moves with the American camp in all its wanderings, is scattering pamphlets through the ranks of the army.

Pamphlets—written by the Author-Soldier: written sometimes on the head of a drum—on the midnight fire, or amid the corpses of the dead.

plain words, upon the hearts of the Continental Army.

Tell me, was not that a sublime sight, to see a man of genius who might have shone as an orator, a poet, a novelist, following with untiring devotion, the bloody-stamped footsteps of the Continental Army?

Yes, in the dark days of '76, when the soldiers of Washington tracked their footsteps on the soil of Trenton, in the snows of Princeton, there, first among the heroes and patriots, there, unflinching in the hour of defeat, writing his "Crisis" by the light of the camp-fire, was the Author-Hero of the Revolution.

Yes, we will look into the half-clad ranks of Washington's army, we will behold each corporal surrounded by a group of soldiers, as he reads aloud the pamphlets of the Author-Soldier. What hope, what joy, what energy gleams over the veteran's faces, as words, like these, break on the frosty air—

"These are the times that try men's souls. The

service of his country; but he that stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of men and women. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered, yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph."

Do not words like these stir up the blood? Do you can you imagine their effect, when read to groups of starved and bleeding soldiers, by the red watch-fire, in the cold air of the winter dawn?

Such words as these stirred up the starved Continentals to the attack on Trenton, and there, in the dawn of that glorious morning, George Washington standing sword in hand over the dead body of the Hessian Rohl, confessed the magic influence of the Author-Hero's pen.

The vilest enemy of this Author-Hero, a base hireling of the English Court, yes even he, Athelst, Bishop, Libeller of Jefferson, and Franklin, and Madison, as he was, even he, a thing so small in his soul, that his very masters were ashamed of him, was forced to confess that—"The cannon of Washington was not more formidable to the British, than the pen of the author of Common Sense."

Is there a heart that does not throb at the name of the author of the Declaration, Thomas Jefferson, the Statesman-Hero of the Revolution?

And do your hearts throb at the mention of his name, and yet refuse to pay even the tribute of one solitary pulsation of justice to the memory of his brother-patriot, his forerunner in the work of freedom, the Author-Hero of the Revolution—THOMAS PAINE?

Character of a True Friend.

Concerning the man you call your friend—tell me, will he weep with you in the hour of distress? Will he faithfully reprove you to your face for actions for which others are calculating or censuring you behind your back? Will he dare to stand forth—

—when detection is

—of your superior in rank and fortune—a claims of pride or vanity do not interfere with those of friendship? If misfortune and losses should oblige you to retire into a walk in life in which you cannot appear with the same distinction, or external your friends with the same liberality as formerly, will he still think himself happy in your society, and instead of gradually withdrawing himself from an unprofitable connexion, take pleasure in professing himself your friend, and cheerfully assist you to support the burdens of your afflictions? When sickness shall call you to retire from the gay and busy scenes of the world, will he follow you into your gloomy abode, listen with attention to your tale of sympathy, and minister the balm of consolation to your fainting spirit? And lastly, when death shall burst asunder every earthly tie, will he shed a tear upon your grave, and lodge the dear remembrance of mutual friendship in his heart never to be renewed? The man who will not do all this may be your companion—your flatterer—your seducer—your friend upon it he is not your friend.—Enfield.

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